## HOME READING.

IV.

If your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

—*Christian Advocate.*

### The Pew as Seen from the Pulpit.

As you preach the word, my dear young brother, cast your eyes around upon the congregation and you will observe these people, as follows, to wit, namely, viz.:

I. THE SLEEPER.—He will be there. Peradventure he leaneth his chin upon a cane, so that when the moment of deep and profound slumber cometh upon him, his chin slippeth off and with the bang of his head upon the pew in front of him he is awakened. Howbeit the bang upon his wife's head no man can hear. Or, the slumberer may sit bolt upright and nod in time to his deep and regular breathing. Only when you cast your eyes upon him, the watchful wife at his bosom stabbeth him with her elbow, and he glareth upon the congregation as who should say: "He that sayeth I slept, the same is a liar and a villain and a horse-thief." Or, if he be so that he leaneth his head back until the lid thereof falleth down between his shoulders, and he playeth phantastic tunes with his nose, insomuch that the boys in the gallery make merry over the same, then it is hazardous to awaken this slumberer right suddenly, because he dreameth of divers things and sayeth to the tithing man who shaketh him up: "Hey? hi! ha! yes, yes, all right! I'm up." And thus is the congregation much scandalized. But if he foldeth his handkerchief over the back of the pew in front, and boweth his head devoutly upon the same, even in that moment when the text is pronounced, then will that sleeper trouble no one, but will slumber sweetly on until the time of the benediction; and he will awaken refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old-timer from Sleepy Hollow.

II. THE LOUNGER.—He falls into the pew and slides easily into the most comfortable corner. He shakes himself down into a comfortable attitude. His legs extend under the pew in front and meet his hips at the crookedest of obtuse angles. He crooks his pliant elbow into the arm of the pew, and drops the side of his face into the fearful hollow of his hand, by means of which he pushes his cheek up into his eye. His shoulders are nearly on a level with his head. Every time you look at him you expect to see him slide out of sight. And although you are a good man, sometime you wish he would, and never come up again.

III. THE FIDGET.—Whether you look for him or not you know where he is. He pushes the hassock away with a long resonant groan of its own. Then he sits bolt upright, hooks his shoulder-blades over the back of the pew, and hangs on. He is going to sit still this Sunday if it kills him. But the pew is too high, so he settles down a little. Then he puts a hymn-book between his back and the pew. Then he leans forward and lets it fall with a crash. Then he folds his arms; he half turns and lays one arm along the back of the pew. Suddenly he slides down and braces both knees against the back of the pew in front. Ah, that's comfort. It lasts ninety seconds, when he abruptly straightens up, elevates both arms, and hooks his elbows over the back of his pew. That isn't what he wants; his legs are tired; he reaches for the hassock with both feet, upsets it, and in a frantic effort to stay it, kicks it against the pew. Covered with burning embarrassment he pulls out his watch twice or thrice without once looking at it. He folds his arms across his breast, then he crosses them behind his back; he thrusts his hands into his pockets, he drops a Bible on the floor and puts his feet into his hat, and at times you look to see him go all to pieces, but he doesn't. He stays together and comes back next Sunday, every limb and joint of him.

IV. THE WATCHER.—His neck is fitted on a globe socket and turns clear around. He sees everything that goes on. The man who comes in late does not escape him, and it is vain for the tenor to think he got that little note to the alto conveyed between the leaves of the hymn-book unobserved. The watcher saw it. He sees the hole in the quarter that Elder Skinner dropped in the plate. He sees that Deacon Slowboy has on but one cuff. If the door swings he looks around; if the window moves noiselessly he looks up. He sees the stranger in his neighbor's pew, and he sees Brother Badman, sitting away back under the gallery, furtively take a chew of the inhibited fine-cut. All things that nobody wants him to see the watcher sees. He sees so much that he has no time to listen.—*Burdette in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### Servants in Saxony.

THERE are some very curious laws in Saxony regarding servants, girls more especially. The mistress is obliged by law to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the girl furnishes her own bedding, she secures one and one-half cents per night for so doing. Seventy cents a month is allowed for her washing, and she receives five per cent. upon all purchases she makes. She is required to give one month's notice before leaving her place. The law also requires that each servant keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause and the girl's character.—*Boston Transcript.*

### Uncle Jimmy in Town.

BUT the Captain was only one among thousands, and of these was Uncle Jimmy Vincent, of Christian County. Mr. Vincent is one of the royal, simple-minded old fellows, whose code of ethics involves the idea of politeness to bootblacks, newsboys and servant girls. He was quartered with his uppish city relatives at a fashionable boarding-house, and he kept them on nettles by his hearty "good-mornings," and "good-evenings" to the dining-room girls, and by his friendly chats with the girls who looked after the rooms. The crisis came one day at dinner, when Uncle Jimmy, having devoured his ration of roasting ears, crooked his finger at the waiter and said, a little bashfully, but confidingly, "You bring me some more corn, and I won't take any pie." On the street Uncle Jimmy was a puzzle to the newsboys and bootblacks. When a boy offered him a paper, he couldn't refuse without explaining in his frank, kindly, temporizing way that he didn't want any, because he couldn't read without his specs. And when the bootblacks wanted to shine him up, he stopped to confide to them the fact that he got up before the city folks and blacked his boots himself, and he would leave it to them to say "if he didn't do a pretty good job for an old man." And there wasn't a boy that had the face to chaff the old gentleman.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### Cotton.

THIS well-nigh indispensable article to modern civilization derives its English name from the Arabic *koton*. It is indigenous to the tropical regions of both hemispheres. Herodotus, four hundred and fifty years B. C., makes the first mention of it in history as the product of trees in India, with fleece more beautiful and delicate than that of the sheep, and speaks of cloth made from it. It is quite probable that it had been known and used in that country centuries before that date. In this country the manufacture of cotton cloth appears to have been well understood by the Mexicans and Peruvians long before the discovery of America by Europeans. Among the rich presents which Cortez received from Montezuma were curtains, coverlets and robes of cotton, fine as silk, of rich and various dyes, interwoven with feather work, that rivaled the delicacy of painting. The Mexicans also fabricated the white cotton cloth, and even converted the material into a rude kind of paper. Of course, these ancient people did not have the gin nor the modern appliances of machinery and power, but they appear to have carried the manufacture of cotton to a great perfection with the distaff and spindle. So that the cotton manufacturing industry of the world, which to-day is perhaps second to no other enterprise, has had an infancy of centuries, and now seems to be in the prime of youth, with its manhood and old age yet to follow.

### The Use of Lead Pencils.

ONE Prof. Winter, says the New York *Times*, has delivered a lecture in Brooklyn, entitled, "Let the Children have the Pencil." It was a plea for placing a lead pencil in the hands of every child in the country. He was not mobbed, neither was he arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Truly, the immunity which crime enjoys in the City of Churches is as marvelous as it is painful.

What motive could the Professor have had in instigating people to give pencils to children? To this question no answer suggests itself, and we must content ourselves with assuming that general misanthropy is his dominant passion. He knows perfectly well what follows when a pencil is placed in the hands of a child. If the child has learned to write, he decorates every available wall and piece of furniture with his name or with scurrilous sentences and humorous caricatures of the most depressing nature. If the child is too young to write, he draws decorations of Queen Anne buildings and portraits of human beings and animals on every surface on which the pencil will make a mark. Nothing is sacred to the child with a pencil. He will draw triangular-headed cows on the clergyman's surplice or the baptismal font, he will write his name on the front door of every leading citizen, and scrawl derisive epithets on the wall of his father's study. It has been calculated that seventy-one per cent. of the value of houses, clothing and furniture is annually destroyed in this country by children with pencils, and as yet only a small proportion of our children come into the permanent or temporary possession of pencils. What would be the terrible result were Prof. Winter's wicked counsel to be followed and were all children to be presented with pencils?

It may be possible that Prof. Winter is interested in the kalsomining, house-painting, or furniture-making business, and may fancy that the demand for his services will increase in proportion to the destruction wrought by infantile pencils. This is hardly a probable theory, for it is evident that were pencils universally in the possession of children, the destruction wrought by them would be so swift and persistent that no one would attempt to make it good by buying new furniture and employing painters and kalsominers. The Professor is doubtless a man consumed by an intense hatred of the human race, and he tries to gratify this hatred by malevolent advice such as that contained in his lecture. He affords a melancholy spectacle, but it is very improbable that any large number of persons will be so silly or wicked as to give pencils to irresponsible children.

### Instructions for Willie Jones.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had, before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paregorically," said Mrs. Jones. There was a silence for a few minutes; then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Mark Antony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says that his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Jones, vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration, that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Cæsar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said, 'Eat, thou brute!' when his horse wouldn't take his oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death!' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?"

"Your pa will tell you about him; I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the "Tin Trumpet;" and a rare work on farming; and the people's choice for a President; and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.—*Ex.*

### Italian English.

The proprietor of the Hotel de Bellevue at Pompeii, as a means of attracting English custom to his house, has issued an advertisement couched in the following extraordinary terms:

That hotel open since a few days is renowned for cleanness of apartments and linen, for exactness of service, and for excellence of the true French cookery.

Being situated at proximity with regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever which shall desire to reside alternately into this town to visit the monuments newly found and to breath thither the salubrity of the air.

The establishment will avail to all the travelers, visitors of that sepult city and to the visitors (willing to draw antiquities) a great disorder and expressive contour of the Iron—whay.

People will find equally thither complete assortment of strange wines, and of the kingdom, hotel and cold baths, stables, and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate prices.

Now all the application and endeavors of the host will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doult to him with that town the reputation whom he is ambitious.—*The Caterer, London.*

### At the Stamp Window.

"Has postage been reduced to two cents?" "Yes'm." "For letters?" "Yes'm." "Then a two-cent stamp will actually carry a letter?" "It will." "And there's no need of putting on three cents?" "Not a bit." "Do you know Mrs. Blank?" "No'm." "She says it's two cents in the city." "It is two cents anywhere in the country." "She says she sent a letter to her husband in Chicago with a two-cent stamp on it and he never got it." "I can't help that, ma'am." "Then two cents is enough?" "Plenty." "And her husband probably got the letter and didn't answer it?" "Probably." "Well, I'll take a two-cent stamp, but if there is any doubt about the matter I'd as soon pay more. It will go, will it?" "Yes'm." "Go right out to-day?" "Yes'm." "Well, I hope so, for it is a very important letter. You know Mrs. D——, who used to live on —— street?" "No'm." "Well, it's for her. She lives in Buffalo now. She asked me for the best way to pickle mixed—" The woman had to stand aside for two or three minutes, but as soon as the window was clear she returned to say, "I've got the stamp on." "Yes'm." "Two cents." "I see." "And it'll go?" "It will." "If it don't—" And she probably didn't sleep a wink last night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### It Worked.

"Here y'are, now; two packages for ten cents!" yelled a seedy-looking envelope peddler in Grand Street.

"Here y'are, this way; two packages for five cents!" howled another envelope peddler, almost crowding his fellow-merchant off the sidewalk.

Women out shopping noted the difference in prices, and soon bought out the two-for-five-cents man.

Then both peddlers drifted around the corner, and the one who had sold no envelopes divided his stock with the other, remarking, with a chuckle:

"It works boss, pard, don't it?"—*New York Sun.*

### How Did She Know It?

A young lady, supposed to be a confirmed man-hater, was eating some ice-cream the other day, and expressed a dislike at its flavor. Her companions, who were better pleased, asked her what fault she found with it, whereupon she replied that it had a sort of shaving-soap taste. She had some difficulty in maintaining a proper degree of unconcern in replying to the questions that immediately followed.—*Boston Gazette.*

### An Explanation that Lacked Something.

"Will you please tell me why you are standing on my toes?" asked a very polite gentleman of a colored citizen, as they stood in a crowd listening to a humorous vender of patent soap.

"Sah?" remarked the negro.

"I ask will you please tell me why you are standing on my foot?"

"Yas, sah, certainly, sah. 'Cause yo' foot's un'er mine. Dat's right, sah, take it away. Ef it hurts yer so bad doan put it un'er dar no mo'."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

IT often happens that a man runs in society as a lion for a long time before it is discovered that he is an ass.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### List of Letters.

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, Nov. 14th.

| | |
|---|---|
| Anderson, Charley | Miller, F. B. |
| Curtis & Griffin | Murphy, Mrs. V. S. |
| Farend, Mary L. | Payton, J. R. |
| Farrand, Miss Effie | Rowland, Emmie E. |
| Fascia, Signor Leonards | Ruckel, Mrs. John Stone, Mrs. R. |
| Gunderson, Anne M. | Thompson, Kessie |
| Heilenday, C. | Van Tassel, J. |
| Higgs, F. H. | Van Winkle, J. P. |

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

H. DODD, P. M.

### LEGAL NOTICE.

ESSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT—Between Mary A. Cuff, Comp't, and Bridget Broderick et. al., Defts.—One Bill, etc.

It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgager in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned is dead, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown.

It is, on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Coult and Howell, of counsel with the Complainant, ordered that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street, on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

And it is further ordered that this order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continue therein at least once a week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DEPUE Judge.


ZACHARIAS & SMITH,
Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J.
AGENTS FOR THE
COLUMBIA
Bicycles AND Tricycles
The American Star, American Sanspariel, American Club, Harvard, and Shadow Bicycles, and Victor Tricycle.
COMPLETE REPAIR SHOP FOR BICYCLE REPAIRING.
SECOND-HAND BICYCLES VERY LOW.

ALWAYS GOOD INVESTMENTS.
Holiday Goods. Goods loane.

Wedding Outfits, Matchings, Presents,
AT LAWRENCE'S
NEWARK CHINA STORE,
611 Broad St., opp. Trinity Church.

The Popular Silk House.
McKirgan Bros. & Luke,
755 BROAD ST., NEWARK N. J.
We respectfully invite the attention of our Bloomfield customers to our stock of goods now on sale for
FALL & WINTER WEAR,
Having a complete assortment of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Velveteens, Colored Wool Dress Goods, and a Mourning Stock in which will be found an elegant variety of all the new and popular textures suitable for Mourning. We have a full line of Cortauld's Black English Crepe, in all widths and prices. We invite special attention to our
NEW CLOAK DEPARTMENT.
Cloaks for Ladies and Children, Imported and Domestic, in all styles of Plush, Seal Plush, Silk and Cloth.
Our Department for Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear presents unusual attractions in quality and price.
Great attractions in the Babies' Department in Zephyr Goods.
McKIRGAN BROS. & LUKE,
755 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

BLACK SILKS, CASHMERES, VELVETS, ETC.
FRAZEE, CONNET & CO.,
CENTRAL
Dry Goods Store,
No. 659 Broad Street, Newark.
Special Purchases, Special Offerings, Special Prices in
Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, and Black Velvets.
These goods will be placed on our counters
MONDAY MORNING,
and will attract special notice during the entire week.
ALSO, Choice Novelties in PLAIN, PLAID, and
FANCY DRESS GOODS,
just received, which will be found unusually scarce and desirable, and at very popular prices. We also ask special attention to our large line of
CLOTH and PLUSH CLOAKINGS
AT REDUCED PRICES.
Cluny and Antique Lace for Curtains
or made up to order at short notice.
SPECIAL INVOICE OF EX. FINE
JERSEYS
in Black and Colors at Reduced Prices.

New "Perfect" return-flue Furnace
No more Hot Chimneys & Cold Houses.
No waste of Heat or Fuel.
No Gas or Dust.
The full benefit from coal obtained by radiation from four times the usual heating surface.
Furnace has no bolted Joints.
Nothing to wear out.
Examine the merits of this great heater with its Solid cast return flue Radiator and three flue body. Will last longer without expense than any furnace made.
RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO., Manufacturers,
232 & 234 Water St., New York.
Sold by A. & J. H. TAYLOR, Sole Agents for Bloomfield, N. J.

For Sale Low, Bloomfield, N. J.
POTTER HOUSE, Etc.,
ON BAY AVENUE.
Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar-Alarm, Etc. House and Barn in complete order. Garden with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or to D. OSBORN, 619 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Great Reduction
IN THE PRICE OF
Passage Tickets
FROM
The Old Country to America.
PREPAID STEERAGE RATE FROM
GREAT BRITAIN TO NEW YORK,
$20 and $21,
GOOD FOR ONE YEAR.
AGENTS FOR ALL LINES.
MARTIN R. DENNIS & CO.,
739 BROAD STREET,
Next to Post Office. NEWARK, N. J.

FACTS! A & B FACTS!!
DO NOT FORGET
When you go to Newark that
ALBERT & BAYLEY
Have opened a New First-class
SHOE STORE
—AT—
449 BROAD STREET,
Near D., L. & W. Depot,
Where you can find FIRST-CLASS GOODS AT A LESS PRICE than at any other shoe store in Newark.
449 Broad St., Newark.
ALBERT & BAYLEY.

TO THE PEOPLE OF
BLOOMFIELD.
When in NEWARK call at the corner of Broad and Market Streets and we will show you the
FINEST LINE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS AND SUITS
that have ever been manufactured for the retail trade. Our Aim is to get your Trade and keep it.
Car fare allowed on all purchases.
H. H. SMITH & CO.,
"Reliable Clothiers,"
789 Broad Street - NEWARK, N. J.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

G. H. BOSCH,
COR. ABOVE CENTRE MARKET.
Oldest Tea and Coffee Store in Newark.
Great reduction in the prices of Tea, Coffee, and Sugar. Prices to conform with the recent auction sales. Good drawing
BLACK, GREEN and JAPAN TEA
18, 20, 25, 30, 35 and 45 cents per lb., usually sold elsewhere for 40, 50, 60, and 70 cts.
COFFEE! COFFEE!
Of every variety and flavor, strong and rich, 15, 18, 20, 22, and 25 cents per pound.
Persons in doubt as to the superior quality of our Teas and Coffees should try one package; no housekeeper will be without them. We would also advise all those who want a pure and genuine article to come direct to our store, as we do not run expensive wagons and make our customers pay for them. Get one trial of goods at
BOSCH'S TEA STORE.
Corner above Centre Market, Newark.
Salesroom for Bosch's Pure Domestic Wine, specially recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes.

HUCH F. RANDOLPH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FREE BURNING AND LEHIGH
COAL.
YARDS, 59 Sheffield Street, cor. M. & E. R. R. Ave.
119 First Street, cor. Sussex Avenue.
NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone No. 101. Coal delivered in all parts of Bloomfield.

AT LAST.
Meat Sold in Bloomfield at New York and Newark Prices.
No more carrying that everlasting, tiring, and bothersome basket.
—READ PRICE LIST.—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Porter House Steak | 20 to 22c. per lb. | Potatoes | $2.00 per bbl. |
| Sirloin " | 18 to 20c. " | " | 80c. " bu. |
| Round " | 14 to 18c. " | " | 24c. " pk. |
| Chuck " | 12c. " | Sweet Potatoes | 20c. "½ " |
| Roast Beef | 12 to 18c. " | " " | 35c. " " |
| Boiling and Corned Beef | 7 to 14c. " | Turnips | 15c. "½ " |
| Hind Quarter Lamb | 15c. " | Red Onions | 4c. per qt. 12c. "½ " |
| " " Mutton | 14c. " | White " | 5c. " " 18c. "½ " |
| Fore " Lamb | 10c. " | Apples | 20 and 25c. "½ " |
| " " Mutton | 10c. " | Celery | 12c. and 15c. per bunch. |
| Lamb or Mutton Chops | 15 to 18c. " | Squash, Pumpkins, Cabbages, Cauliflower, etc. | |
| Stew Lamb or Mutton | 8 to 10c. " | White Grapes | 18c. per lb. |
| Pork | 12c. " | Concord, Delaware, and Catawba Grapes | 12c. per lb. |
| Sausages | 12c. " | Bananas | 4c. each, 40c. per doz. |
| Liver | 10c. " | Lemons | 2c. " 18c. " " |
| Ham, Bacon, Bologna, Headcheese, etc. Poultry and Game in season. | | Oranges | 4c. " 40c. " " |
| Box Oysters | $1.25 per 100 | Cranberries | 15c. per qt. |
| Stewing " | .75 " " | Fresh Jersey Eggs. | |
| Clams | .60 " " | | |

Orders called for and goods delivered free of charge. Peddling Wagon at your door every morning.
TERMS CASH.
WALTER M. HOPPLER, BROAD ST., BLOOMFIELD.
Three doors from Post Office.

Glenwood Ave. Market,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
WM. J. MADISON, Proprietor.
Mr. E. B. Corby having given up the Butcher business, I invite his former customers to give me a call. I sell the BEST QUALITY OF
FRESH, CORNED, AND SMOKED MEATS.
ALSO
Fruit and Vegetables
Of all kinds in their season.
WM. J. MADISON, Butcher.

BOYNTON & RICHARDSON,
No. 94 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK,

Inventors and Manufacturers of the
Patent Duplex Furnace,
AND
EXCLUSIVE OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS
OF
Boynton's Celebrated Furnaces
WITH 1883 PATENT IMPROVEMENTS.
Combining Wonderful Economy in Fuel with Enormous Heating Capacity.
Roasting and Broiling Ranges, Baltimore Heaters, &c.